

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

DAILY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

Volume I.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ULYSSES WARD.

Number 41.

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1846.

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED DAILY
BY ULYSSES WARD.

At One Cent per Number.

Office on Pennsylvania avenue, a few
doors East of the Railroad.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square of 14 lines, 1 insertion	37 cts.
1 do " " 2 insertions	62 "
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1 " 3 times per week for three months (with the privilege of changing when necessary)	\$3 75
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Payable invariably in advance.

Printing of every description neatly
executed: such as Books, Pamphlets, Cir-
culars, Cards, Handbills, etc., etc., on as
good terms as at any other office.

To the friends of Temperance and the
public generally we now make our appeal
in behalf of this paper. The publisher
feeling it a matter of importance to the in-
terest of the Temperance cause in the Dis-
trict, as well as the general interest of the
cause, and having been, as he conceives,
Providentially placed in a situation at this
time when he can mingle this interest with
that of the business men, and thereby ren-
der a double service to the community, and
still further open a medium of communica-
tion by which our principles may be ex-
tended far and wide, at a cheap rate. He
has purchased a printing establishment, so
as not only to be able to put a daily paper
regularly to press, but also a weekly; and
still further, be able to do any other print-
ing the public may be pleased to have done;
and he assures them that they shall have
no cause of complaint. He has made ar-
rangements by which he can devote his
time to the interest of the office and the pa-
per; and, having employed Mr. Charles W.
Fenton, who will be always on the spot, to
conduct the printing, he has no doubt but
that general satisfaction will be given. We
shall make arrangements to have the earliest
news; also the proceedings of Congress.

We wish all who are indebted for the pa-
per up to this time to pay up, as the affairs
of the tri-weekly must be closed. They
will perceive that we are about to give
them a better paper, double the number, at
the same price.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will
be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its
columns will be enriched by original articles
on subjects calculated to interest, instruct,
and benefit its readers. It is intended so to
blend variety, amusement, and instruction,
as that the various tastes of its patrons may
be (as far as it is practicable) gratified.
Commerce, Literature, and Science, and
every other subject of interest, not inconsis-
tent with Temperance and morality, will re-
ceive the earnest attention of the publishers.
Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal
character will be admitted.

A CARD.

THE subscriber begs leave to say to members
of Congress and others, that he has several
good rooms which he will let on accommodating
terms, either furnished or unfurnished, located on
the South side of Pennsylvania avenue, between
9th and 10th streets, and equidistant between the
Capitol and the public offices. I have also two of
the best cellars in the city, which I will rent in
part or the whole, or receive goods on storage.
This is a good opportunity for butchers or market
people.

L. S. BECK.

JUST FROM THE MINT!!!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

L. S. BECK & SON, would take this method
of notifying the citizens of Washington
and the adjacent counties of Maryland and Vir-
ginia, that they have commenced the house fur-
nishing business in all its various branches, on
Pennsylvania avenue, South side, between 9th and
10th streets, where they intend keeping a constant
supply of new and second hand goods, and promise
to sell on the most reasonable terms. We,
therefore, solicit a call from our friends and the
public generally, as we intend selling at a VERY
SLIGHT PROFIT. We would enumerate in
part the following: Ivory, Buck and Cocoa hand-
led knives and forks; White, Black and Brown
handled do; Carvers, Forks and Steels; Shovels,
Tongs and Pliers; German Silver, Britannia and
Iron, Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons; Ladies,
Skimmers and Forks; Drip and Stove Pans; Stair
Rods; Tea Waiters, assorted sizes; Brass Candle-
sticks; Britannia Tea and Coffee Pots, Writing
Paper, Chopping Axes, Wood Saws and Bucks,
Hatchets, Hearth, sweeping Whitewash, Dusting,
Shoe, and Horse Brushes; Britannia and Painted
Spoonbills; Adams', Wilson's, Livingstons', and
other Coffee Mills; Mouse Traps, Nutmeg Gra-
ters, Japaned Candlesticks, Lamps, and Tea Can-
dies, Snuffers and Trays; Pad, and other Locks
and Keys; Butchers Knives, Bread Baskets, Hand-
saws, Hammers, &c., &c. Also, a good assort-
ment of Holloware, Ovens, Pots, Kettles, Skil-
lets and Griddles; Cinder Shovels, and Coal
Hods; Brass Top Fire Fenders; Scissors, Curtain
Bands and Pins; P. M. Saucepans, Cut and
Wrought Nails, Handirons, Sadirons, &c., &c.,
with an assortment of Cabinet Furniture: such as
Sideboards, Beaureaus, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads,
and Bedding, Washstands, Basins and Ewers, Chi-
na, Glass, Queens, and Crockery Ware; Carpets
and hearth Rugs; Tin ware, &c., &c.
N. B. All manner of goods received on com-
mission, except Alcoholic Liquors.

Nov 29-44

WILL be opened this day at Mr. S. A. PAR-
KER'S a few new style Evening Dresses,
Jan 3-31st Penn. avenue, bet. 9th and 10th st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE NOBLE RETALIATION.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

CONCLUDED.

Having satisfied themselves with supper,
for which Richards paid promptly on the
spot, they once more sallied forth—the
wanderer and the mechanic—and turned
their steps towards a neighboring store,
where second-hand boots and shoes were
kept for sale. After much persuasion the
artisan prevailed upon his new acquaintance
to accept a pair of shoes at his hands.—
He then insisted on his accompanying him
to his house—where he said he had some-
thing to communicate.

Arrived at home, a momentary sense of
apprehension pervaded his honest breast as
he thought of the little ones who were a-
waiting his return with that anxiety which
is experienced by all children on Christ-
mas eve. But the assurance that he had
done his duty, and done it well, restored
his confidence completely, so that when he
introduced his newly acquired friend to his
wondering wife, and witnessed the well-
pleased smile with which she listened to
his recital of the evening's occurrences, he
felt more than repaid for all his liberality.

The children were not pampered, as rich
men's children too frequently are, and were
easily contented with the father's promise
of presents for the coming week. Rich-
ards, in fact, was infinitely more happy in
the secret satisfaction which he derived
from his generous and unselfish conduct,
than he could possibly have been under any
other circumstances.

Notwithstanding his generous outlay in
behalf of the stranger, he had still a little
odd change left—so one of the boys was
dispatched for a variety of nuts, cakes, and
refreshments, with which he and his guest
made merry until the usual hour for retiring
to rest, when Richards showed him to his
sleeping room—the same as that occupied
by the children—and bade him good night.

This, after all, is the true course of con-
duct; and we will venture to say that the
poor artisan in his humble dwelling, spent a
far happier Christmas Eve than Mr.
Pryce Benedick—surrounded as he was by
all the luxuries which wealth can purchase.

Early next morning, and long before the
merchant had left his bed—Richard's pro-
posed to him to join in his business (which
was that of a carver) and preliminaries be-
ing arranged to their mutual satisfaction,
the good man made him don a suit of his
own clothing, and took him round, when it
was time, to call on some acquaintances
where open house was kept.

CHAP. III.—THE RETALIATION.

On the night before Christmas, 1844, a
gentleman of portly dimensions, with some
appearance of gentility, but whose clothes
were evidently somewhat the worse for
wear, stepped up to the door of an unostentatious dwelling-house in — Square,
and after a slight hesitation, (which might
have endured much longer than it did, had
not the night been intensely cold and un-
pleasant,) gave several brisk raps upon the
knocker.

The summons was answered by the owner
of the mansion in person, who very cour-
teously bade the stranger enter, and con-
ducted him to a comfortable parlor, hand-
somely furnished, throughout which a grate-
ful warmth was diffused by a bright coal
fire burning in a grate at the further end of
the room.

A table occupied the space before the fire,
and over the mantel, against the wall, was
suspended a painting which was not so re-
markable for its execution, as for the singu-
lar nature of the scene it was intended to
illustrate. It represented a dark street on
a stormy winter's night—the ground, roofs
of houses, and whatever other objects were
in sight, being covered with a heavy robe
of snow. Only two figures were observ-
able—a passenger rendering succor to a help-
less being, who, from the attitude in which
he was depicted, had evidently encountered a
fall. But what was stranger still than all,
was the fact that the features of the passen-
ger bore a strong resemblance to those of
Richards, the artisan, while between the
countenance of the other, and that of the
gentleman who had given admittance to his
visitor a few minutes previously, there ex-
isted a resemblance quite as striking.

The table was covered with books and
papers, giving evidence of the literary turn
of the proprietor, and from some writing
implements which also lay thereon, it was
equally apparent that he had just been en-
gaged in writing.

The host bade his visitor be seated, and
the latter then proceeded to unfold his busi-
ness. He had come, he said, to procure
the extension of a note, held by the person
whom he was now addressing, which had
been due some two years, and which the
former holder, one Simon Richards—whose
death had been the means of its transfer to
other hands—had thus far had the forbear-
ance not to protest.

The applicant stated that he had once

been rich, but had allowed himself to be
drawn into several unfortunate speculations,
which had stripped him of nearly every
thing except the house and furniture for
which this note was held.

"Then you are Mr. Pryce Benedick?"
said the present holder of the note inquir-
ingly.

"Exactly," replied the visitor, "though
of the Pryce Benedick of other days. I
can scarcely recognise myself. Heigho!"
And he who once looked upon the world
as having been made for his particular ben-
efit, and thought not there could be a sor-
row for him in life, heaved a profound sigh
as he recurred to the joys and sorrows that
had apparently escaped him forever.

"You were once wealthy, then, if I un-
derstand you."

"I was, sir—very wealthy, and like most
fools in my situation, imagined there could
be no end to my riches. How sadly I have
deceived myself, the object of my present
visit will bear witness."

"Well—Mr. Pryce Benedick," said the
other, "since that is your name—it seems
by your own account that this is our first
meeting. Yet we have met before, and under
circumstances far different from those
which we now see each other."

"Indeed! I was not aware of the fact.
Pray, when?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Benedick," re-
joined his companion, with somewhat of
sternness in his voice and manner, "a cer-
tain Christmas Eve, some five years ago—
the night, if I mistake not, was just such a
one as the present—you stopped to con-
verse with a houseless famishing wretch,
to whom, after hearing unmoved his heart-
rending story, you tendered a shilling, and
advised him to go to the poor-house?"

Mr. Benedick closed his eyes, and ap-
peared to be taking a rummage among his
mental faculties within; but it was unsuc-
cessful, for he opened his eyes again and de-
clared he had no such recollection. On being
close pressed, however, (though the truth is
he remembered the circumstance perfect-
ly, all along,) he finally owned that some-
thing of the kind did occur to him, and
immediately added,

"But that has nothing to do with you,
that I can see."

"Indeed it has, Mr. Benedick. Look at
me steadily, and you will perceive that I
am that same half-starved wretch, whom
you left alone in the street on a winter's
night, with scarce a strip to cover him,
and a worthless coin in his hand!"

"No—you are mistaken—it was genu-
ine—on my honor," put in Mr. Benedick,
hurriedly.

"That is of trivial consequence," Wyl-
lie retorted. "It was the meanness of the
motive which prompted the gift, rather
than the gift itself, that caused the allu-
sion. You then had it in your power to
place me, destitute as I was, beyond the
reach of want, but you refused me! I am
now rich, and you comparatively poor, or
only wait my word to make you so.—
With this little instrument, (taking from
his pocket-book a strip of paper,) I could
crush you in a moment, as a spider would
crush a fly."

"For God's sake, my dear sir, you don't
mean—you can't think of such a thing!—
I have a large family, and am not accus-
tomed to business. If you were to fulfil
your threats I should starve."

"I did not threaten, my good man,"
said Wylle, with a smile, dry, yet full of
meaning. "I hinted that I had you in my
power, and so I have. You, when I
craved your bounty, left me to beggary and
want. You are now a suppliant on my
bounty; would you learn how I would
take my revenge in such a case?"

"I—I beg you will do nothing rash,"
stammered Benedick, with the air and as-
pect of a felon awaiting his doom.

"Oh, have no fear for my prudence,"
said Wylle, ironically. "I must have my
revenge, however, and thus I take it."

Saying which, he twisted the note into
the circumference of a straw, and inserting
it into the flame of a burner, coolly lighted
a cigar, and threw the remainder into the
grate, where it was speedily consumed.

The visitor dropped back into his chair,
and for the first time in his life, a sense of
the meanness of his own conduct smote
him. He went home that night with new
determinations. Having now no incum-
brances on his shoulders, matters prospered
with him, and from that time forward,
Mr. Bryce Benedick was one of the most
liberal supporters of benevolent institutions
in the country.

FRANKLIN ON PRAYER.

When the American Convention were
framing their constitution, Dr. Franklin
asked them, how it happened, that while
groping in the dark to find political truth,
they had not once thought of humbly ap-
plying to the Father of light to illumine
their understanding. "I have lived, sir,"
said he, "a long time, and the longer I
live, the more convincing proofs I see of
this truth, that God governs in the affairs of
men. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the
ground without his notice, is it probable

that an empire can rise without his aid?"
We have been assured, sir, in the sacred
writings, that except the Lord build the
house, they labor in vain that build it. I
firmly believe this; and I also believe that
without his concurring aid, we shall suc-
ceed in this political building, no better
than the builders of Babel. We shall be
divided by our little partial local interest;
our projects will be confounded; and we
ourselves will become a reproach and a
by-word down to future ages." He then
moved, that prayers should be performed
in that assembly every morning before
they proceeded to business.

A LIVING DEATH!—Intoxication is a liv-
ing death! How dead to all around him is
he whose whole soul is buried beneath the
black waters of intemperance! What does
he know of the good gifts of an eternal
God! He goes forth in the morning, but
takes no delight; the soft summer breeze
which comes sweetly scented, and laden
with health over the green fields and
through the sweet brier and wild roses to
salute, as with an angel's wing, the tem-
perate and good, and which finds a glad
and happy response, to him of the Bottle, is but
a mockery! and why? why is it so? Be-
cause he is dead, his mind is impure; and
purity and healthfulness, in his thoughts,
find no sympathy. The varied flowers as
they open their tiny lips to bless God, and
receive the gentle dew of morning, convey to
his mind no lesson, afford to his heart no plea-
sure. He is indeed dead, dead in health, in
morals, in every thing. Cheerfulness is to
him a stranger, he knows not. Excitement,
maddening, delicious excitement is the ele-
ment in which he moves; and unless he is
constantly under the influence and sur-
rounded by the atmosphere of such excite-
ment he doubly feels his degradation! Is
he not then dead? And is it not our duty
to plead with him, to petition him, to beg
of him to come once more to life!

Office of Merchants' Magazine, August 1, 1845.
dec 18—

Complete sets of the Merchants' Magazine,
embracing 12 semi-annual volumes, of about 600
large octavo pages each, bringing it down to June,
1844, inclusive, may be obtained at the Publisher's
Office, 142 Fulton street, New York, at the sub-
scription price.

Publishers of newspapers in the United
States, by giving this advertisement two or three
insertions and remitting Two Dollars to the Pro-
prietor, will be entitled to the Magazine for one
year.

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